

Halo 5: Jun Rhymes With Fun

by The Hive

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Summary: Jun and his pal Barry go on an epic road trip across space in order to find and destroy the Covenant Commander, Geoff.

## 1. Chapter 1: The Prologue

Jun didn't know what to do, did he reveal himself to be the real Master Chief or not? Jun was a quick-witted soldier from Hungary or somewhere else, whose only mission was to enjoy himself and prank his Noble Team pals as much as possible. Everybody knew Jun as a joker, and if he'd have told them that he was Master Chief they may have thought he was kidding around. But he wasn't kidding around, he left his kidding around hat at home in Hungary or somewhere elseâ€¦|.

'Guys, I've got something I've really gotta say, guys,' stated Jun, 'Iâ€¦| I'm not who you think I am.'

'But Jun, you're Jun!' Barry cried out in horror and amazement. Barry was Jun's closest associate and was the one responsible for throwing a totally great party for Jun's 40th birthday, they were soul brothers.

'No, fair, sweet Barry, I'm notâ€¦|' The room shook. Jun had left Barry speechless, this was the first time in their friendship that this had happened. Everybody else in 'The Noble Team Players' were dead silent, the first one to pipe up with a contribution was Emile (who will be known as Skullman throughout this series) who was feisty as ever.

'Hey, what the hell Jun!?' Skullman roared, 'I don't appreciate all this skulking and sneaking with all these fake aliases and what not.'

'Well to be honest Skullman, your opinion doesn't really matter to me that much because I can totally do what I want to do, you can't stop me!' Jun had released his inner diva, Skullman knew he had to back

right down.

Jun noticed Barry's tears and approached him with a comforting grin, Barry was immediately dismissive, the Jun he thought he knew the whole time could just be another guy. Barry and Jun fought together at the battle of Halo-Chief IV in which the Covenant defeated the human race forever. The Spartans had decided to band together three-hundred of their best men to take down the Covenant and exact bloody revenge. This revenge was personal for Barry as his wife was human, and shot by the Covenant Commander, Geoff. Barry and Geoff were going arrange a battle over the phone but Geoff wimped out. Jun swore to go with Barry and settle the score with Geoff, this is why 'The Noble Team Players' had assembled with the other three-hundred Spartans, to go on the road trip to find Geoff.

The road trip to find Geoff was going to be tough, they all knew it, but it had to be done, it had to be done so that it would be written in the scriptures of time, these are those scriptures...

'So who are you? ...Jun?' Barry spoke softly like a little butterfly.

'That's for later in the story, Barry, bring it up later,' Jun explained, 'there's no time now, put your big, crazy, space suit on, we're going on a road trip.'

## 2. Chapter 2: The Covenant

"My gears and cogs are too rusty for this shit..." Barry grunted, as he climbed into his big, crazy space suit from the visor-hole.

All big, crazy space suits have to be entered from the top, in accordance with UNSC Protocol 11342:

Any member of UNSC Spartan Corps found entering their space suit from the bottom, or any point thereabouts, will be demoted to Janitor Grade II and sent to the planet of Reach to perform community service under Governor Garry. Any who refuse will be sent to the planet of Reach to perform community service under Governor Joe, who's a bit of a dick to be quite honest.

Jun was already in his big, crazy space suit - a much simpler affair, as it had no helmet. He lived in permanent fear that if he ever put a helmet on, someone might cry: "Oh, holy shit, it's that big robot guy with all the guns!", and his cover would be blown. On a particularly bad day, he would wear a balaclava with a skull on it so he'd look like that cockney geezer off CoD, whatever his fucking name is.

"Grab the booze, Barry, this is a top-secret, fate-of-the-world, guns-gadgets-and-girls type mission, and the only way to ensure we don't screw it up is to be so pissed that we don't realise we're being shot at."

It was at this point, in accordance with UNSC Protocol 1388: Dramatic Irony and Suspense, that a bullet whistled through the room and hit Skullman right in the skull, and he dropped to the ground in much the way that skulls ought not.

"Shit!" cried Jun, "Skullman!"

Jun and Barry rushed over to Skullman's prone body and pulled his fractured helmet over his head, wincing at the sickening scrape of bone on metal. Jorgio, who until this point we had completely forgotten to introduce, leapt from his rocking chair and put his eye to the Hole in the Wall.

"Covenant! Minions of Geoff, here for blood!"

Jun and Barry shared a look of doomed fate, as Skullman climbed to his feet, screwing a replacement skull into place. He was running low on skulls, and really ought to stop being shot in the head, but it was just too much fun.

Jorgio ran to the weapons locket and grabbed his trusty Mk II UNSC standard-issue baseball bat, and took up position next to the door. Jun signalled to Barry and Skullman, a signal they had shared many times on the forest moon of Harvest, and the two drew their sidearms and stacked up. Jun himself needed no weapon, only his wits and his gatling gun, and took up residence in Jorgio's rocking chair.

As the thumping footsteps of the Covenant cyborgs drew ever closer, the room seemed to grow ever quieter. Jun rose, his trained feet making not a squeak, and seemed to glide to the slightly-ajar door. The footsteps had stopped, and a less-prepared team would have mistaken faint breath of the cyborgs for wind, or perhaps a sparrow or a skink, but Jun knew better, and perfectly balanced the bucket of water before backing slowly away.

The door opened.

### 3. Chapter 3: Thumping Footsteps

The Covenant cyborgs approached like a bad hair day. Jun, still poised in Jorgio's rocking chair, was anticipating their laser guns fire into the room. But there was nothing, not a single laser was shot, this was strange. Jun signalled to Skullman to go and check out the disturbance and Skullman obliged, he looked round the door and the shock on his face almost painted a picture in their minds, a picture of a shocked face.

"More skulking and sneaking," mumbled Skullman, unenthused by what he had just seen, but Skullman was rarely enthused about anything, not even when his Mom bought him some of those really nice chicken satays.

"Oh, hey Skullman, sorry about shooting you in the head!" The voice from behind the door was familiar to Jun and the gang, it was Commander Paul 'Danger-Proof' Tracy, their superior officer. Paul was always messing around and having fun, shooting Skullman in the head was just some gentle hijinks that got slightly out of hand.

"Paul, we were about to go on an epic space road trip, we'd love it if you could join use," said Jun, his eyes glittering like the lights of a million fireflies, he then realised his eyes may be conveying some kind of homo-erotic message and cut it out immediately.

"I'd love to join you guys, but first we must fill out the

paperworkâ€| "

Jorgio jumped up, this was his chance, for he sold paper as a part time job. He could feel the money rolling in, he could retire early and leave space business behind. He could buy shares in the paper business that he worked for and make so much cash it's not even fair on everyone else. This was not Jorgio's first big idea, for he had already revolutionised the paper industry once beforeâ€|. Name tags. That was Jorgio's golden moment, it was his 'Citizen Kane', for the paper used on most standard name tags was pulped and printed by Jorgio's company under his supervision. Everyday he would look back on those sweet days and thought of returning, this was his chance to become 'Paper Famous' once again.

"How much paperwork?" Jun enquired, eager to go as he was already in his big, crazy space suit.

"Just a few hundred pages worth," stated Paul, "that's just enough to get us through the night."

A few hundred pages. Music to Jorgio's ears. He started to craft a plan in his mind, he would first ask the Commander where he was thinking about getting the paper for all this paperwork, he would then convince the Commander that the source of paper he'd chosen was not of paperwork quality.

"Hey Commander Paul, what paper are you planning on using?" Jorgio's plan begun.

"Just some out of that printer over there," replied Paul, "in fact, can you get it for me?"

"No!" Jorgio quipped, "that printer hasâ€| Corrupted it's paper! You need to use some reliable paper, perhaps from 'Jorgio and Paperweight Paper Inc', that I've just heard of right now."

'Jorgio and Paperweight Paper Inc' was the paper corporation owned by his father (Jorgio Sr) and his father friend and paper associate Duke Paperweight. Jorgio's father passed away some minutes ago, so Jorgio was in charge, and he wasn't going to even consult Paperweight before this big paper deal he was about to make. He was living life on the edge, trying not to get paper cut.

"What does it matter what paper is used?" Paul did not choose his words wisely, he had just made a grave mistake.

"What does it matterâ€| WHAT DOES IT MATTER!? I've lost so much sleep over poor quality paper in the past, you've no idea what it does to you! It thaws away at your very soul! When I finally do sleep I have a recurring night terror that I'm living in house made out of paper that lacks the correct density, the GSM of the paper is not the right for architecture and before I know it a small gust of wind knocks the paper house to the ground, with all my worldly paper possessions and more importantlyâ€| My paper." Jorgio had made himself incredibly clear, he'd gotten so angry that he even took some crisps out of his lunchbox and stood on them.

"Alright, we'll use your fucking paper!"

The decision had been made, the paper had been chosen, the mission

was about to begin.

#### 4. Chapter 4: Departure

There was no time for delay - Paul bore the news that if they didn't leave right away, Geoff would slip through their fingers. In a matter of minutes, Jun had drawn up a battle plan, Barry had clambered into his big, crazy space suit, Paul had reported back to HQ and Jorgio had chosen "Express Delivery" for the paper.

Within 2-3 working days, they were on the road. Metaphorically speaking, of course - this was the future, with space and flying cars and stuff. The squad of five boarded their UNSC D77H-TCI Pelican, piloted by the beautiful and mysterious Constantia Peña. Aside from her fearsome piloting skills, the only thing anyone knew of Constantia was that her surname meant: "dweller by a large, jutting rock". It was widely assumed that this was crude innuendo, but Constantia insists the name was given to her when she saved the life of a large, jutting rock on the planet Spain. Having never been to Spain, nobody could say whether or not there were any large, jutting rocks in dangerous situations, but it seemed reasonable enough.

After a fairly bumpy take-off (some paper slipped out of the emergency exit and Jorgio had to be sedated), the road trip had begun. Barry had brought the sandwiches, but there was no ham, because Jorgio - tasked with the quest to acquire ham - had filled his suitcases with paper. The paper turned out to make extraordinarily good sandwich wrapping, but without ham the little parcels contained only disappointment and carbohydrates.

Jun himself was just munching through his last egg salad sandwich - a bitter disappointment all round - when he heard a sudden urgent beeping. At first, he thought it might be coming from the Pelican, but then he realised that a pelican was a large water bird with pale plumage and that that was bloody stupid. He glanced at his big, crazy space suit HUD-O-MATIC 2000 and discovered that the source of the beeping was an unauthorised software intrusion. After a little digging, Jun found that a new AI routine had been downloaded into his big, crazy space suit - designated CTN 0452-9 Cortana. Jun deleted it immediately, because viruses are dangerous and only a fool doesn't know that. The beeping stopped at once, and Jun felt a sudden weight being lifted from his shoulders, as if he'd avoided a lot of unnecessary whining and character exposition that might get in the way of his desire to shoot shit.

As they exited the upper layers of the atmosphere, shutting the pelican's beak to avoid the less pleasant effects of oxygen deprivation and being exposed to the vacuum of space, the squad felt unusually cheerful. It felt good to be on the road again, and Geoff made a mean lasagna. After they left the system, the Pelican was put into auto-pilot mode and everyone entered cryo-sleep. The cryo-sleep chambers were of an older, recalled model, produced by a company who's CEO was the last surviving chimp in the universe, but they were a steal - and what's a little icy death between colleagues?

Left alone with their thoughts, the team slowly lost consciousness, fading into oblivion as they drifted into the expanse of space. Whatever thoughts last crossed their minds, we can be quite certain

that potato salad was not among them - which is a shame, as it was the one thing that would have saved them.

## 5. Chapter 5: Curtains

"Who the fuck does he think he is? This isn't his company and the little bastard knows it!"

Duke Paperweight sat at his desk, a collection of small, porcelain animal statues scattered across it. The sun glared off the porcelain polar bear and onto the sweat on Duke's brow. The atmosphere was tense and Duke was so pissed that if you'd have tapped him on the shoulder he would've broken your hand.

"Ermâ€¦ Mr Paperweightâ€¦" His assistant spoke softly as she tapped him on the shoulder. Her hand was immediately broken.

"Sandra, can't you see I'm in a bone-breaking kind of mood?"

"Yes sir, I apologise whole-heartedly."

"Now, get the fuck back to work."

Sandra was a secretary who was now unable to type effectively. She'd just have to make do, because if she told Duke about her disadvantage, she'd be thrown into the a vat of pulp. She began to type a harsh letter to Jorgio but only got four lines in before she was stopped by Paperweight.

"Do you have a problem typing with that broken hand Sandra?"

"No sir. It's fine, sir."

"Quartz, how many lines has she written?"

Duke's assistant, Quartz, edged his way over to Sandra's computer and checked. He slowly looked back at Duke and moved his thumb in theâ€¦ Downwards direction. Sandra knew all hope was lost, she was going to be thrown into the pulp.

"It's good job you've failed, Sandra, for the pulp is hungryâ€¦" Duke muttered, without any conflict, he was a cool cat.

As Sandra was carried to the pulp by Quartz, all of her regrets went through her head;

Sandra's List of Regrets (Deluxe Edition):

- 1: Working for Duke Paperweight.
- 2: Tapping Duke Paperweight.
- 3: Getting hand broken by Duke Paperweight.
- 4: Being thrown into pulp.

Along with the regrets, something else that bubbled in Sandra's brain was the legend of the 'Pulp Monster', a fearsome creature that lives in the pulp and devours those thrown into it. Nobody knew if the Pulp

Monster was real or just a legend, well Sandra was about to find out. Duke was observing her personal torment.

"Looks like it's curtains for you, Karen!"

"My name's Sandra."

"Exactly."

She swayed at the top of the vat, she was being made to walk the pulp plank. Before she knew it she was at the very edge, Quartz then grabbed a giant stick and proceeded to prod Sandra until she lost her balance. She fell.

As Sandra sunk into the pulp, she heard strange noises, perhaps it was the Pulp Monster? It was then that she saw it, the Pulp Monster, in the form of a cardboard cut-out of Jude Law, it was coming right for her! She manoeuvred out of the way and the beast hit the wall, but it did a totally wicked 360 turn and came right back for more.

"Pulp Monster, have mercy!" Sandra pleaded.

The beast moved slightly in a cardboard cut-out kind of way and looked as if it was about to speak, but it did not. Instead it took a massive lunge at Sandra, and crippled her directly in the face. Sandra had learnt an important lesson today; don't get thrown into the pulp. Duke now had his sights set on Jorgio and providing him with a pulpy death.

Meanwhile, the 'Noble Team Players' were still freezing their big, crazy space asses off aboard the pelican. Skullman was dreaming of the time he went to 'Jazzfest' and hated it, it's not that he didn't like the jazz, he did, he just disliked the 'fest' aspects.

## 6. Chapter 6: JazzFest

Skullman felt the dizzying feeling of time-travel that always accompanied his flashbacks, and suddenly regretted thinking about JazzFest. He scrambled in futility back to the cryo-tubes, his hand outstretched as the flashback took him.

Skullman found himself in the vast field of spikes where every JazzFest had been held since July of 2552, when Mark Jazzfest had crash-landed here, and survived for three long years with nothing but his trusty saxophone and a box of toothpicks. In honour of his bravery, JazzFest was held here annually, and Mark was wheeled out on a parade of honour. The practicality of holding a music festival in a field of spikes had been questioned by many respectable academics and businessmen, but these sort of people weren't often invited to JazzFest, and were politely told to fuck off.

A great cheer went up in the crowd as Mark was wheeled out atop his Jazz Tank. He waved to the crowd, saxophone in his off hand, as the tank fired randomly into the assembled masses - the fans went wild.

It was in the midst of the parade of honour when, taken by the smooth beats of Bird Armstrong, Skullman collided into what appeared to be

an unusually large shrub.

"Oof!" cried the shrub, spilling its slushy onto a particularly gruesome looking spike.

"Oof!" cried the spike, and went to attend to its business elsewhere.

Skullman turned to apologise to the shrub, and discovered it was, in fact, a very tall and broad gentleman with long, flowing hair. Skullman opened his mouth to apologise, but was rudely interrupted by a large fist - the word "PAPE" tattooed on the knuckles.

The conundrum of the gentleman with the tattooed knuckles would have been of more interest to Skullman, had he not just been sent sprawling on the ground by the aforementioned knuckles. This was of particular concern to Skullman because the ground consisted of sharp spikes, and all of his mental faculties were dedicated to landing on his skull. He'd been trying to break this skull for weeks, after his cousin had accidentally bought him a skull belonging to an early hominid, but Skullman didn't wish to hurt his cousin's feelings - he was a sensitive individual, but felt he was often misjudged by his horrifying skullface.

Just as Skullman was about to check for fractures, the second fist - "DUKE" - hit him in the skull. This was a mild inconvenience, and Skullman realised he'd rather this shrub-like chap wasn't punching him in the skull, and asked him - rather politely, it had to be said - to kindly move along. A look of intense rage crossed the gentleman's face, and the pretext of a roar flickered across his lips, and then he was gone. Mark's parade had reached the two, and the gentleman was lost in the crowd.

Skullman clambered to his feet, dislodged his skull, and threw it into the crowd. As he screwed a new skull onto his neck-screw, he briefly wondered what sort of shrubbery would go around with "DUKE PAPE" tattooed on his knuckles, but then he remembered that he hated riddles. Skullman didn't have time for riddles - after skulking and sneaking, riddles were his least favourite thing. The very thought of riddles made him boil inside, even in the presence of Bird Armstrong and the Jazzy Five.

Fortunately, the parade of honour just finished, and Bird and Jazzy Five began their next song - "Riddles". Skullman felt calm inside as the smooth beats took him once more, and he didn't even briefly flirt with the idea of considering looking behind him to see the ominous figure of Duke Pape writing in his little black book.

\_#4736 Skullman - Aggravated Slushy Assault and Sass\_

## 7. Chapter 7: Brought To You By McCoy's

\_The following chapter is brought you by McCoy's original ridge-cut potato chips, extra flavour in every ridge and more in every bag. A recent poll conducted shows that 100% of employees at McCoy's enjoy the great tasting flavour of McCoy's original ridge-cut potato chips.

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Jun awoke from cryosleep to the sound of Tina Turner's 'What's Love



Got To Do With It' and quickly realised that he'd set it as his alarm, he hit snooze and carried on cryosleeping, and it was roughly ten minutes before the Tina's deep tones came back into earshot. Jun had to get up, there was no escaping it, he could keep telling himself 'five more minutes' forever, it was no good.

There was only one thing Jun wanted to do after he awoke, and that was to eat some McCoy's original ridge-cut potato chips, and taste the fantastically mixed flavours.

"So where we at Chief?" Skullman burst into the room having just recovered from his night terror.

A large Native American man stood up at the helm of the ship and turned around.

"Stars say, we at space."

Chief had spoken, Skullman knew exactly what was going on now, his mind was settled. He decided to go and get a 'GO Bar' from the vending machine because his sugar was low, he asked Jorgio for some change but he was busy dealing with his catatonic paper shock. Scuttling over to Jun he noticed Barry on Skype to somebody...

"Who are you on Skype to Barry?"

"I don't know."

"Okay."

Skullman sensed that the skulking and sneaking was thick in the air, he could taste it on his tongue. He approached Jun and got the exact change he needed, Jun always carried a lot of change, mainly for the lockers of any major leisure centre planets they were likely to pass on the way. On his way to vending machine, Skullman noticed a serious problem, the vending machine wasn't there anymore, where the heck was it?

Skullman checked everywhere for the vending machine, even under his bed (cryochamber), he also checked on his calendar (the year being 2553) and then some. That was when he heard a bang, it was coming from the janitor's closet, Skullman went against his one rule, \_1. Never Skulk or Sneak\_, he had to check this out. He approached the door with apprehension and other big words, he knew that whatever was behind the door might be holding the vending machine against his will. Skullman smashed the door openâ€¦

It was right in front of him, standing there, naked as the day it was born, the vending machine. The vending machine stood frozen in front of a laptopâ€¦ It was on Skypeâ€¦ To Barry.

Skullman got furious.

"What the fuck are you doing you crazy vending machine?"

No answer. Skullman rushed over to Barry.

"Hey, Barry, why are you being unfaithful to your dead widowâ€¦ with a vending machine!"

Barry thought about correcting Skullman on the phrase 'Dead Widow' but decided not to, he knew he was in the wrong. Barry and the vending machine should've been just friends, it was clear now, but Barry was vulnerable having just lost his wife to deadness. Geoff had indirectly made him do this.

"So Barry," said Jun, "what now?"

## 8. Chapter 8: The Naughty Liver

The vending machine had been escorted from the premises by a furious Skullman - but not before he'd had the chance to relieve it of its entire supply of "GO Bars". Relieved as it was at this - the vending machine was allergic to nuts - being ejected into the cold vacuum of space wasn't how it had planned this Friday night to go, and it quickly called a space taxi.

"Where to, guv'nor?" said the taxi. Space taxis hadn't had drivers since the Great Taxi Wars of 2551, when the planet Reach was almost destroyed by an army of savage taxis. The denizens of Reach, complete with Hungarian accents from their time conscripted in the Hungarian cyber-military ("Join now! Defend Hungaria from the common scourges of carbon dioxide!"), looked up one morning to see the sky filled with yellow and black checkers - checkers of doom.

"Follow that pelican!" growled the vending machine, "I've got a score to settle."

A face appeared on the taxi's AI computer screen - a face of pure evil and paper.

"At once, guv'nor," it grinned.

The pelican let out a loud squawk as Barry was released from the Naughty Liver, emerging covered in the sticky bile of regret and bile. He and Skullman exchanged a respectful and forgiving glance, and then a series of respectful and forgiving brutal punches - before Jorgio smashed yet another skull across the floor to restore peace.

Jorgio, it would appear, had recovered from his paper-coma - and was a changed man. To the shock of everyone aboard, he opened his two suitcases to reveal... cardboard. Stacks upon stacks of the stuff. Jun looked around in abject horror - what had happened to their beloved Jorgio?! What sick and twisted horror had befallen his mind to do this?!

"Nah, I'm just fucking with you." smiled Jorgio, swiftly ejecting the cardboard out of the pelican's airlock. He opened his trench-coat to reveal thousands of suitcases hung on pegs, each containing paper of the highest quality. To prove his recovery was complete, Jorgio fashioned a shuriken out of one of the sheets and decapitated Skullman. Everyone applauded, except Skullman, who was just coming to terms with the fact that he'd been decapitated.

With the crew back together, and no promiscuous vending machines to ruin their day, they finally began to relax. Sitting down around the pelican's handy retractable card table, they dealt a hand of Russian roulette. Generally, hands are not dealt in Russian roulette, but

this was roulette of the space-Russian variety, and they'll do whatever the fuck they want, ok?

These games were usually fixed so Skullman would always lose - that way, nobody got killed and nobody got bored of looking at the same lifeless skull all the goddamn time. However, Skullman had had just about enough of this crap, and resorting to a little more skulking and sneaking. Only a little bit more, he reasoned, what's the worst that could happen? Skullman was getting quite the taste for skulking and sneaking, and it would only be a matter of time before he began to engage in riddles.

He had swapped the gambling-revolver for a duplicate of his own, and watched in smug anticipation as Barry lifted the revolver to his head and pulled the trigger - totally unaware of the squishy mess he was about to create.

A small, red flag appeared from the gun barrel, with the word "BANG!" written on it. Skullman thought it was hilarious. Barry thought it was time to break a few more skulls and sleaze around with a few more vending machines.

Jun thought that was enough of this violence and adultery, and he proposed to Barry there and then.

Jorgio hit Skullman with a big hammer, and his skull went \_crunch\_.

Barry slapped Jun and told him it was far too soon - but he was only struggling to come to terms with his true feelings.

Skullman leapt upon Jorgio with all the rage of a wild bear attack.

The pelican decided it had had enough of this bullshit and set a course for the nearest pub-planet.

## 9. Chapter 9: The Two Peas

As the Noble Team pelican landed they exited with speed and ran to the nearest pub. It was called 'The Two Peas' and seemed like a rather splendid place to have a drink, they knew they should probably rest and take it easy if they wanted to be full of energy to visit the clock museum later on. They pushed open the large, wooden door and entered. It was a place of divine beauty and serenity. The barman soon introduced himself as Maxwell and they all shook hands and got real friendly, it was going to be a wonderful evening of calm conversation and dangerous amounts of alcohol.

Skullman smoothly shuffled towards the jukebox, he was brimming with excitement as the music started to play, for it was his old favourite song 'Riddles'. He loved the song so very much for it reminded him of his late mother, his mother had been in a terrible car accident and the only thing the doctors could do was transport her consciousness into a small porcelain cup. Skullman always treasured the cup but one day he dropped it after playing with some oil and it smashed, he tried to glue it back together, but everybody knows that the human consciousness cannot be merged with glue without data corruption.

Everyone was settled and Jorgio decided to go and get the first round of drinks. He wandered up to the bar and ordered four shots of some kind of heavy alcohol, but he began to receive strange looks from some of the locals and became uneasy, he soon became so uncomfortable that he placed paper over his eyes and pretended that nothing was happening. One of the locals approached Jorgio

"You're not from around here are you?" The strange local muttered.

"Yes I am not," replied Jorgio in an attempt to confuse the local.

The barman, Maxwell, then took out a double-barrelled shotgun (a must have for any barman) and pointed it at Jorgio.

"We'll have no confusion in my pub!"

Jorgio knew he had to leave, the gang were no longer welcome, but they had big, crazy space suits. The rest of the Noble Team Players stood up, looking as menacing as ever. The barman looked in horror.

"Oh god, they've got big, crazy space suits! Hey, you better get outta my pub!"

They refused, this was now a stand off. Maxwell grabbed his shotgun, Jun grabbed his big, crazy, space cannon, Jorgio grabbed his paper

To be continued

## 10. Chapter 10: The Job

A grand and crazy fight scene ensued, and it was just fucking great.

Once it was over, the combatants all settled down and decided that all Jorgio really needed was a stern talking to about the dangerous of trying to confuse people in their local pub, and Jorgio nodded along, understanding nothing, until Maxwell really did decide that enough was enough and ordered his bouncer - Stefan - to throw them all out by the scruff of their big, crazy space suits.

The crew scurried away to the basement of a nearby abandoned warehouse to regroup.

"So, Skullman, what do you think?"

Skullman grinned wickedly, his gold tooth flickering in the candlelight.

"Easy - like taking candy from a baby and laughing in its baby face. The place is no bank, the vault is in the back, but it's hardly locked up tight. Just think, there's enough gold bars in there to buy some pretty high quality gold jewellery, and it's a steal. Back in my days as a professional bank robber, I used to use a trick where you cut a huge hole in the roof, just above the vault. When Maxwell comes

out to see what the fuck's going on, we sneak in and clean the place out!"

Jun and Barry smiled at each other - they knew one day, Skullman's criminal past would save them, they just had no idea that it would help them conduct a crime.

"Alright, here's the plan...

Jorgio, you'll be the muscle. When Maxwell and Stefan begin to get suspicious, you knock them out and gag them - take whatever weapons you need."

Jorgio nodded, and caressed his paper shotgun.

"I'm the specialist. I'll cut the hole in the roof with my trusty Swiss army knife, and keep you all co-ordinated from the crow's nest. Jun and Barry, you're the greasemen. You sneak in under the cover of darkness, and put all the gold into some sacks or something, and then get the hell out of them. Me and Jorgio will clean up afterwards."

Barry winked at a nearby jukebox, and some fantastic heist music started to play.

End  
file.